

## bite me, but not too hard by hoppnhorn

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**Summary:**

Steve debates whether or not he should spend his heat tranquilized.

## bite me, but not too hard

### Author's Note:

special thank you to [@lucyjacks](#) for beta reading this for me. I needed some honest words of encouragement to keep me going on this one and see my voice through. thank you m'love.  
Enjoy!

The library is one of the few places on campus that is safe. Not that his safety is ever in *jeopardy* at school. A nice campus comes with certain expectations, like safety. But safe doesn't just mean *unharm*ed or *protected* anymore to Steve. Safe means removed from the presence of Billy Hargrove.

Not that Billy is dangerous or anything. Not *anymore* . Sure, the guy can pack a punch and has a nasty temper but, towards Steve anyway, he's mellowed. In fact, the only harm the guy has done is get into Steve's head. On an *hourly* basis.

The library is the only place Steve is *guaranteed* to be free of him. Billy, while intelligent and an honor student, never visits the library. Steve has heard him say that the library is "*not his bag*" and that he prefers the solitude of his room or the outdoors to being stuck in the library.

Steve doesn't know why he feels that way. The library has a freaking *Starbucks* in it. Which is pretty *swell* . Although Steve can't help but pity some of the people he spots with bags under their eyes, forcing down americanos while they fight the yawns. He's had his all-nighters but they were never for the good of academia. His were more of the keg stand variety.

No, he doesn't go to the library because he's working hard, burning the midnight oil, so to speak. He's being a coward, in all reality. It's easy enough to avoid the frat house during the day when no one is there and when there are classes he should be in, but in the evenings it's harder. There's less excuse for him to be freaking *missing* and *studying* seems to be the most dignified way of avoiding suspicion.

He doesn't need someone asking him *why* he bothered to rush a frat to suddenly fall off the face of the earth. Even his keg stand appearances have dwindled in recent weeks. He'd spent those nights with Nancy, pretending their friendship meant more to him than the notoriously fun parties roaring up and down greek row.

If she'd suspected he had ulterior motives, she didn't let on. Nancy is nice that way. She lets him figure his shit out at his own pace. He thinks it's a lasting side effect of the guilt she harbors for abruptly *dumping* his ass in high school.

If only she knew how *messy* his more recent love life had become. The phrase "love life" in itself is a cruel joke.

He's chalked up his night in Billy's bed as a strange phenomenon, one to never be repeated. After all, there were no promises made except for his *stupid* vow that he wouldn't book a room at *Tranquil Haven* and have himself doped senseless through his next heat.

Steve's visited the website numerous times, logged in even, and debated renegeing on the deal altogether. His heat is fairly easy to predict after being chemically monitored for over a year. The service is thorough. He can book a room in advance, almost down to the hour.

But he hasn't.

For weeks now, he's tracked the day on the calendar as it inches closer and he's checked the website, watched the rooms fill up. But then *Billy's* voice is in his head.

*"Don't tranq next time."*

Not a request. Not a demand. It's just that: a sentence that has landed Steve in a cycle of utter confusion and chaos.

It didn't help that the day after spending all night in bed with Billy, the guy had acted like nothing had changed. The next morning at the breakfast table, Steve had anticipated *something*. Not a good morning kiss, mind you. He's not a fucking *idiot*. But Billy had barely looked at him, sucking down a black cup of coffee without so much as a *hey*.

*That* is when Steve had realized what a mistake it had all been. That's when he'd started studying at the library. That *should* have been when he booked a room.

And yet.

He's sitting in a library, watching the minute hand on the clock as it slowly approaches the hour. It's like watching the ball drop, except the ball is the hormonal time bomb inside him. He's got another couple of hours. Then he'll have to decide.

To tranq or not to tranq.

Steve wants to scream with the stupidity of it all.

He should be back at the house, packing up his shit and driving out of the city. Or, if he wasn't such a *wimp*, he'd be knocking on Billy's door. He *had* offered, after all.

*"You helped me, I'll help you."*

But after weeks of silence? Of barely a glance? For him to show up at Billy's door asking for dick would be...

Not likely.

Disappointment shudders through him as he closes his textbook, puts aside the facade of actually reading the damn thing and sighs. Pinches the bridge of his nose.

The worst part about the whole thing is...he *wants* Billy. Not just in the sexual sense. *Obviously* he wants Billy sexually, but he wants him for other reasons too. For moments he must have *imagined* when they were moving together and gasping for air and delirious on the high of it all.

He itches to leap into Billy headfirst all over again. He's a masochist, probably. Flirting with disaster.

He glances at the clock again.

It's time to go home.

For some reason, that seems about as appealing as sitting alone at the library for another hour. Nothing seems appealing.

“Hey.” Steve’s head snaps up at the greeting. A tall, *stupidly ripped* guy is standing at his right, a backpack on his shoulder and a smile on his face. He’s built and oozing confidence and that alone has Steve on guard. Everything about him yells *alpha* , including his kind face, dark hair, dimples, and dark green eyes.

“Hi.” He tries for casual, sliding his book off the table into his bag.

“I notice you here a lot.” The guy offers, gesturing to the table like Steve *always* sits in the same place. “I’ve been working up the nerve to come say hi.”

It’s sweet. It really is. But Steve feels sick. Feels dizzy in the presence of the dazzling alpha.

“Oh,” He blurts, like the smooth talker he’s *not*. “Well, hi. Again.” His smile is forced but it must be convincing because the alpha returns it, extends a hand.

“I’m Peter.”

“Steve.” He shakes Peter’s hand and his body quakes. There’s no denying his attraction to Peter, on a physical level, but in his head he’s shrieking with the absurd idea that he’s *taken* .

Which is just *ridiculous*.

And *false* .

“You leaving?” Peter asks, eyes on the book bag on Steve’s lap. “I could walk you—”

“That’s nice of you.” His throat closes around the words like his head is trying to choke him while his body blooms. “But I’m okay.”

*This* is flirting with disaster. But in a totally different sense. Something on Peter’s face flickers, like he’s caught the scent of Steve for the first time, and suddenly the instinct to run is thrumming through his veins.

To the guy's credit, he doesn't make a big deal out of it. He doesn't inhale and purr like some kind of pig-headed dick. He doesn't bare his teeth and posture and use the chemical pull of his scent for sex. But Steve knows the alpha can smell the perfume of his fertility. Knows that the guy could easily give off his own. Could make him *weak* and *wanting*.

"You sure?" Peter inches a tiny step forward and Steve stands, meets him eye-to-eye.

He's not.

He debates taking Peter up on his offer. Letting the alpha take him home, service him like only an alpha can. There'd be the awkwardness of the morning after, limping to the drug store to buy a plan B pill. There'd be the chance that the guy bites him, stakes a claim in the heat of the moment.

Those scars are hard to hide.

Billy would *see* them.

Something about *that* thought makes Steve want to *puke*.

"Yeah, I gotta get home. Thanks though." Steve smiles again, this time a little less convincingly. "I'll see you around."

Peter nods and, graciously, takes a step back. The alpha gives him space and Steve walks away.

Walks away from an alpha who *wants* him because he's not over the omega who *ignores* him.

He books a room on the way home.

The house is quiet when he gets back, which is *a relief*. It means he's not stuck explaining to anybody why he's going to pack a bag and suddenly leave. He'll text somebody later, when he's on the road.

Make an excuse for missing a couple days.

Family stuff.

*Whatever.*

When he gets up to his room and starts throwing some clothes into a bag, his body takes a turn for the worse. He's pushing it, leaving so last minute. His hormones are rising, his skin running hot and sensitive. His shirt feels like it's made of seran wrap, clingy and *annoying* . He debates ripping the thing off and just driving shirtless when he hears a creak on the floorboards outside his door.

"Harrington, you in there?"

He audibly groans when he hears Billy's voice, muted through the door but *there* all the same.

"No." He shoves a couple new pairs of boxers into the bag, hunts for his comfy shorts. The ones without a tie around the waist. They're dirty, wadded up on the floor by his hamper. He throws them in anyway.

"I think we're on our own for dinner. The guys all went to some luau the Alpha Chi's are throwing."

"I've got plans." Steve finds his toothbrush in his shower caddy. Grabs his deodorant. He doesn't need much. Tranquil Haven is plush with mini soaps and shampoos. The conversation doesn't continue, but Steve hasn't heard Billy walk away either. He checks his bag.

He's packed.

His room is booked.

Now all that stands in his way is the *omega* he wants instead of a needle of nighty-night.

He's still a wimp. Standing in his room, bag on his shoulder, he waits for Billy's footsteps to retreat. They don't. The bastard stands outside his door in silence, knowing *damn well* that Steve is going to come out. Eventually.

“Do you need something?” He asks, like he’s not vibrating with the need to get *away* from the guy standing on the other side of the door. Like he’s not dying to have Billy pin him to his bed and slide *inside* .

His body is a *goddamn traitor* .

The moment he thinks about being filled, being *stretched* wide by the thick girth of Billy’s cock, his hole slicks and he shudders.

“Steve.”

“I have an appointment.” He sounds like he’s smoked six packs of cigarettes that morning, throat raspy and deep and totally *not* cool at all.

“I won’t stop you.” Billy replies and Steve bites the inside of his cheek. He won’t stop him but he’s also not *leaving* .

“Billy—”

“I could smell you the second you passed my room. You might as well just quit pretending and tell me you’ve changed your mind.” His voice isn’t angry. It’s not even mean. It’s just honest and *Billy* , bleeding through the door.

Steve drops his bag on the floor and holds in the urge to scream.

Tranquil Haven is going to charge him a late arrival fee.

“I didn’t think...” He rubs his face with both hands and his body shakes and shakes. He’s hungry and feverish and wet and can’t handle any of those things on their own, let alone together. “You haven’t said a word to me in freaking *weeks* and, I mean, the way you acted—”

“I acted like I always act, Harrington, what *the fuck* ? You’re the one who’s been ducking *me* .”

“I haven’t...” It’s a lie and they both know it so Steve just lets the denial die. He wants to claw his own skin off in frustration. “I *need to go* .”



“Then go. I won’t fucking *stop* you.” Billy seethes at him through the wood. Even with the anger in his voice, Billy’s shadow doesn’t move away from the door.

Steve sits on his bed and stares at the floor, holds in the downright *childish* impulse to cry. He’s not a *teenager* anymore. There’s no excuse to pout and whine because he isn’t getting his way.

Only, he *is* getting his way. Billy isn’t leaving.

That’s what scares him most.

How much he *likes* that.

“What you did sucks.” He blurts out, picking at his thumbnail. “You don’t just fuck someone for hours and then act like you don’t give a shit.”

“No one forced you—”

“Fuck you!” Steve hisses, this time tears *are* prickling in his eyes. Childish or not, he *burns*. “You’re a selfish piece of shit—”

“Keep your *fucking* voice down and open the door, Harrington.”

“Who would say no to you?” He lets the sadness crack in his voice, lets the tears run down his face. “You offered yourself up on a fucking platter—”

“Steve, open the *fucking* door.”

“What was supposed to do, huh? Use my *brain*? I was *drunk* —”

“If you don’t open this door, I’m breaking it down.”

“Drunk and horny and *jesus* you smelled so good—”

The sound of a body hitting his door jolts Steve up off the bed.

“For fuck’s sake, it’s not *locked* .” He snaps. A second later, the door swings wide and Steve flops back down on the bed. Covers his face with both hands. He doesn’t need to see Billy to know he’s already

lost.

He's going to have a missed appointment fee.

He knows that *now* . And he hates himself for being so weak.

"Are you crying?" Billy's voice is shockingly quiet for someone who'd just attempted to *break down a door* . The door that quietly closes.

And locks.

"Fuck off." Steve growls through his palms. "I'm hormonal."

"I couldn't tell." The bed dips beside him from the weight of Billy sitting and Steve wants to scoot away, put as much distance between them as possible.

Except he doesn't.

Billy smells like *home* . His scent is rich and familiar and soothes him the moment he catches it. It also has his cock fattening in his sweatpants.

He *wants* Billy.

On a cellular level. It's like a magnet on his spine, pulling him closer to the source of all his *goddamn problems*.

"I should have said something." Billy says gently. It's truly *annoying* that just the sound of his voice has Steve ready to give in. "The next morning, you know. I should have said thanks, or something."

"You didn't even *look* at me." He snarls. "The guy who'd just fucking *served* you all goddamn day—"

"I'm sorry, okay?" The rough growl doesn't *sound* sorry, but it's more than Steve ever expected. He huffs. Drops his hands.

"I made an appointment." He repeats the fact like he hasn't already decided to stay with Billy. Like he isn't already giving off enough *fuck me* pheromones to truly stink up his room.

His comforter is going to smell to high heaven.

“Don’t.”

Not a question. Not an order.

Steve doesn’t mean to move so abruptly but his instincts are *screaming* for him to do *something* and his chest is just too tight to listen to another word out of Billy’s mouth. That’s how he winds up partially tackling Billy and falling on him, flattening the guy to his bed.

“Just fuck me.” He breathes, hands tugging at his own clothes while Billy stares up at him.

With eyes that are blue blue *blue* .

But he doesn’t argue. Hell, after a second, Billy moves faster than Steve, shoving his shorts down his hips and clawing at his own shirt, ripping it over his head.

Steve had forgotten how *appealing* Billy is naked. He’s flawless, through and through. Miles of *dumb* perfect skin and just enough muscle to make him mouthwatering. Steve ducks his head, bites at one of the guy’s nipples and Billy gasps, cards his fingers into Steve’s hair and *damn* if the moans that spill from his lips aren’t *exactly* what the doctor ordered.

“Goddamn, Harrington.” He groans, rolls his hips. Steve smirks at the way Billy sounds just as needy as he is, cock throbbing and hole so fucking *empty* .

“Stop talking.” Steve mutters, settling over Billy’s hips. He hadn’t exactly *planned* to ride Billy but he’s drunk on the impulse of the act, anticipation rushing through him; any hesitation he *might* have had has mysteriously evaporated. Wrapping a hand around Billy’s cock, Steve squeezes and the man beneath him moans, deliciously loud.

It doesn’t take much, just a spit-slick palm and a good couple of strokes and Billy’s dick is standing up from his hips in invitation. Red and hot and perfect. When Steve shuffles forward, lines them up, Billy’s eyes go wide and, for a second, Steve wonders if he’s crossing

a boundary. Pushing him too fast. But then Billy is gripping his hips and pulling him down and they join, breath rushing out of open mouths.

It's a lot better than getting a needle in the arm. Worlds better.

Tranquil Haven can kiss his business goodbye, penalty fees be *damned* .

Steve shakes for a moment, overwhelmed at how *full* he feels. He can feel Billy *everywhere* . In him, under him, on him. He lives beneath his skin, in his blood.

"Come here." Billy pulls on him and Steve leans down, let's Billy wrap his arms around his ribs until they're chest to chest. For a moment, Steve thinks maybe Billy is slowing him down. Then Billy *pulls out* , all the way to the tip, only to quickly punch back in. When he does it again, Steve whimpers and Billy doesn't disappoint. He sets a pace and it makes Steve's toes curl.

It's *heaven* .

It's *too much* and *not enough* . The pace is blinding and the rhythm steady and Steve is *helpless* . The sounds out of his mouth aren't human; they're completely animal, desperate and wild. He's clawing at the bed, trying to find anything to hold onto as Billy penetrates him repeatedly, drives him to *madness* .

"Fuck, yeah." Billy pants, body torquing, fucking him hard and fast. Steve isn't sure he's ever had sex this *intense* but he's *pretty damn* sure that he's never had sex this mind-numbingly *good* . "Give it to me, Harrington."

Steve isn't sure what the *fuck* that's supposed to mean until he realizes his nails are digging into sheets so hard he can't feel his fingers and his first orgasm hits at breakneck speed, crashing into him like a *bus* until he's crying, openly, into Billy's neck. It's humiliating, how goddamn *good* it feels to come and scream at the same time. Especially with Billy all around him, growling praise into his ear.

“So.”

Billy is the first to break the silence, which makes Steve realize he's been laying on him for a solid while.

In fact, he might have just about fallen asleep if it weren't for the soft word in his ear.

“We good?”

Steve can't get away fast enough. *Good* doesn't even begin to feel like the right word. They hadn't had a spat over a fantasy football trade. They'd had sex, *again* , and now Steve wants to club himself to death with a baseball bat for being so *goddamn stupid* .

“I shouldn't have done that.” He mutters, trying his hardest to ignore the way Billy's come is leaking out of him as he pulls on his boxers, hunts for his sweatpants on the floor. “I wasn't thinking—”

“Where are you *going* ?” Billy sounds annoyed and, *really* , that's obnoxious. “Christ, all I asked was if we—”

“If we're good?” Steve pulls on his shirt. “Yeah, we're good, Billy. We're fine.”

He can *feel* the omega's eyes on him while he tracks down his socks.

“I'm not *done* with you.”

“Yeah, well, I have an *appointment* .”

His bag is where he left it and he grabs it, gets halfway to the door before he's being shoved and turned, back pinned against the wood. Billy is *fuming*. Chest rising and falling and eyes *bright* with sex and anger and something else. Something *territorial*.

“We're. Not. Done.” He snarls. Steve swallows back a moan and slick runs down his thighs, so ready, so *eager*.

"I don't think you can give me what I want." He stammers, trying to avoid the way Billy's glare is *piercing* whatever defensive shield of *anger* he has left. "I *need* more than just...I don't know." His nails dig into his own forearms as he crosses them over his chest.

"What do you need, Harrington?" Billy cages him against the door, hands planted on either side of his head. "Say it."

He hates how *afraid* he is when he looks into Billy's eyes.

"Say. It." Billy repeats.

Steve doesn't.

Instead, he leans forward and presses their mouths together. Dry and quick. Then he's pulling away, flattening his back to the door.

Billy blinks, anger sliding away like it'd never been there in the first place. Licks his bottom lip.

Then he's closing the distance between them and kissing him. Long, lingering. Steve opens his mouth and Billy enters, fills him the way Steve *craves*.

Their mouths are still sealed when Billy shucks Steve's sweats and lifts him off the floor. A second later, Billy's cock is breaching his hole and Steve lets out a whimper against his mouth.

Billy fucks him on his bedroom door and Steve falls apart with every brush of his lips. It's faster than the first time, the both of them too sensitive and too worked up to savor the friction. There's a change in the energy around them. Billy's eyes are open, watching, *paying attention*, as Steve whines into his open mouth. Billy fucks him while his cock leaks all over the guy's bare abs, messy and *hot*. They're pressed so close, Steve doesn't even bother touching himself before comes, thick and sticky, between their stomachs.

Billy lets out a shocked sort of grunt, his cock pulsing as Steve clenches around him and they still on the door.

The kiss he places on Steve's sweaty temple as he breathes, comes down from his high, has Steve biting back a dumb, truly *stupid*,

smile.

He's happy.

Really happy.

"Better?" Billy asks, drawing his head back to look Steve in the eye. He kisses him again, forcefully, as if to prove a point with his tongue.

"Put me down." Steve tries to sound *dignified* but he's smiling like a moron against Billy's lips and doesn't miss the way Billy's arms tighten around his chest. He's hugging him, and not to just keep him from falling on his ass. "Billy..." He isn't *actually* complaining as he's assaulted with kisses.

It's cute.

Like Billy hasn't been kissed in a really long time and he'd forgotten how much he likes it.

Or something.

Not that Steve would know.

Not at all.